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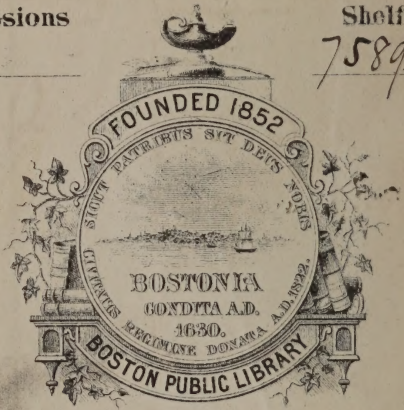

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DIARY

OF THE

REV. SOLOMON SPITTLE.

By Rev George Crabb,

Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocoso.
Hor. Sat. I. 10, 11.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN P. JEWETT & CO.,
17 & 19 Cornhill.
1852.

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16 Devonshire Street.
1851.

DEDICATION.

TO THE CHEWING, SMOKING, AND SNUFFING CLERGY AND PIOUS LAITY OF THE UNITED STATES.

CHRISTIAN BRETHREN:

Without having requested your permission, I have presumed to dedicate this unpretending work to you. Having been the family physician of the Rev. Solomon Spittle, for many years, and having assisted, at a post mortem examination, I have not the slightest hesitation in affirming that his death was phtisis pulmonalis, supervening upon dyspepsia, produced by his inordinate use of tobacco.

Our departed brother has left his family, consisting of a widow and three children, in a state of great destitution. His furniture, books, and wardrobe were of little value; and nothing has been found among his manuscripts worthy of publication but the following diary. As it is now published for the benefit of his family, you are earnestly entreated, Christian brethren, each one of you, to contribute a trifle for their relief, by purchasing a copy.

With great regard,
I remain your faithful friend
and well wisher,
ZIBA SPROULE.

DIARY

OF

THE REV. SOLOMON SPITTLE.

A. D. 184 . *Monday, Jan.* 1. My parishioners, Shrimp and Gruel, called on me this morning, as a committee of the Abolitionists, and asked me if I was willing to give up brown sugar, as it was the product of slave labor. I told them I was, and that I was willing to eat no more meat, if it offended my brother. "Then," said they, "you will give up tobacco?" I told them I did not think of that when I spoke, and that I could not give up tobacco. I believed it was a necessary of life, in my case. Shrimp and Gruel took their hats and went out, with an expression of contempt, — a couple of straight-laced, disagreeable fellows! Smoked two of Captain Lundy's cigars. He sent me a couple of boxes on his return from Cuba, — a grateful, whole-hearted man! He was once in great trouble of mind; told me he had been a great sinner, and, with tears in his eyes, narrated a long list

of crimes he had committed. I told him he must confide in God's mercy, and got him, at last, into such a comfortable state, that he sat with me for two or three hours, smoking and talking of salvation, as pleasantly as possible. Captain Lundy told me, next day, that he had been thinking I might do a great amount of good, if I would write a book called Heaven made easy. I related this to Brother Lunt, who said he thought Captain Lundy was making fun of me. Some people are very suspicious. Took a glass of sherry, and commenced my sermon, on the necessities and distresses of the apostles, (2 Corinthians vi. 5.) Hard trials they must have had, those poor disciples, suffering all sorts of persecution, and deprived of the comforts of life, especially tobacco! I have often wondered how Paul got along without it. He must have chewed something, though I cannot imagine what, unless it was the cud of sweet and bitter fancy. Mem. — Send and tell Twist, the tobacconist, that the article he sends me is not the orthodox thing, by any means. My last pigtail was full of grit; and, upon inquiring of Brother Lunt and both my deacons, I find they have been served in the same way. Twist must be reformed.

Violent headache after dinner; — too long in my study, no doubt — reflecting too intently upon the distresses of the apostles. Oysters do not seem to me half so good as formerly. Smoked

two of Captain Lundy's cigars, and wrote two pages of my sermon. Interrupted by old Madam Noddle and her daughter Pamela; — they came as president and secretary of the Female Auxiliary Rechabite Society, to ask my influence and an address; but they were only able to stay a moment, on account of the smoke. The old lady has the asthma. Mem. — To tell Brother Lunt of this; and he'll agree with me, it's a capital way of smoking 'em out. Unluckily, however, all disagreeable visitors have not the asthma. I must here record the fact, that, of all my parishioners, Dr. Ziba Sproule is my greatest tormentor. When I first settled here, I was told a sermon on temperance would be expected from me. I preached one, about four months after my ordination. I felt a little nervous about it, for fear Brother Lunt and a few others would think I was getting rather fanatical. None of the temperance folks said a word to me about it. I was very much astonished. On the Thursday following, I got a note from three retailers and a distiller, requesting a copy for the press. When I met Dr. Sproule, I expressed a hope that my discourse gave satisfaction. "No doubt it did," said he, "to all moderate drinkers." He told me I was wholly behind the time; and this was all I got for my sermon. He never suffers any occasion to pass unimproved, without some fling about tobacco. Every Monday morning,

for six weeks, he has sent me half a dozen copies of Muzzy on Tobacco, requesting me to distribute them in the parish. Three weeks ago, I thought I would make amends for my first temperance discourse, and I preached upon the awful certainty that drunkards could not enter the kingdom of heaven. On the evening of that day, he sent me over Macknish upon Drunkenness, with the leaf turned down at the sixtieth page, where the writer asserts that habitual tobacco-smokers are drunkards. This was downright insolence.

Read over my sermon as far as I had written. I fear my memory is failing: instead of the text from 2 Corinthians, vi. 5, found I had written, at the head of my discourse, the words of the note to Twist about the pigtail. I am confident I wrote the text somewhere — doubtless in the note. Twist must think me crazy.

After tea, walked over to neighbor Gookin's — nobody at home but the nurse and the two little girls. I took them up, — they are little beauties, — and kissed them. They both ran to the nurse, and began to cry, and make mouths, and whisper. Asked nurse what they said; she was loath to tell, but I insisted. One said I didn't smell good; and the other, that I had a great black, nasty thing in my mouth. What a story Sproule would make out of this, if he knew it!

Went home, and found Captain Lundy. —

Lighted our cigars, and sat down for a little chat — very refreshing after protracted theological labors. Wife sent to request the study windows might be opened, to let the smoke out, as there was company in the parlor, who were made sick by the smell. At half past nine, company went; wife and girls wished to retire; — had prayers, Captain Lundy present. My wife once told me I prayed much better, in the presence of a visitor, than when we were alone with the Almighty. I felt humbled, for I feared it was true. Returned to our cigars. Lundy is a pleasant man, and has seen much of the world; recounted many anecdotes of an interesting character. Complimented me on my prayer gifts in a manner almost too flattering. I trust I may not be puffed up with the vanities of this vain world. Captain Lundy took leave, and I retired about eleven. Disturbed Mrs. Spittle, who awoke in an unpleasant humor; said she was smoked to death. To restore her good humor, repeated some of Lundy's anecdotes. Told her the New Zealanders went naked. She replied, rather crustily, that she feared our girls would have to go so before long. I told her I did not know they were in want of clothes. She said they had no gowns fit to go to meeting in; and as fig-leaves were not easily to be had, she knew not what to do, unless we put on tobacco-leaves. I was very much astonished —

never heard any thing like this from Mrs. Spittle before. Accounted for it by her being suddenly disturbed, and only partially awake. I restrained myself, and made no reply.

Tuesday, Jan. 2. Awakened, very early, by a petulant exclamation from my wife, who, most unfortunately, had found my cud in her night-cap. How it got there is more than I can comprehend. I expressed my sorrow, but her continued displeasure was manifested through the morning. I assumed an unusual air of solemnity, when the family assembled. The chapter, which came in course, was very apposite ; and when I read the passage, " Wives, submit yourselves unto your husbands," I intended, I confess, by a short pause and a particular look, to administer a severe rebuke to Mrs. Spittle ; but her eyes were fixed upon the floor, with an expression of settled discontent. I looked for comfort into the countenances of our daughters, but in vain. Their expression was respectful and becoming, but I clearly saw that they were of one mind with their mother. Indeed, my daughter Bertha said, the other day, in not a very playful manner, that she requested the Miss Peases to smell her roses, and, after a good deal of snuffing, they both declared they could smell nothing but tobacco. Well, the trials of a godly man are great indeed ! Must I resign this innocent pleasure ? What harm can there be in rolling

this, to me, sweet morsel under my tongue, or in sucking in and puffing out the fumes of this captivating weed? Dr. Sproule says it is a violation of the golden rule; and that Dr. Johnson stated the case fairly, when he said, "To be sure, it is a shocking thing, blowing smoke out of our mouths into other people's mouths, eyes, and noses."[1] Squire Goggle, who was present, said he agreed with Dr. Sproule, and that the maxim of the law was based upon the golden rule, "*sic utere tuo, ut non alienum lædas*"— so use your own, that you do not injure or offend your neighbor. I asked him why laws had not been made against the use of it. He answered, that my question was founded in error; that popes had excommunicated those who used it; Amurath punished its use with death; that there were cities — Boston, for example — where smoking, in the streets and passages, was punishable by a fine; and that an old[2] colony law of Massachusetts required, under a penalty, every person to forbear smoking in a public house, if disagreeable to any one or more of the travellers or inmates therein. Squire Goggle grew quite warm about it. He said the legislature did not deem it expedient, by legal enactment, to enter private dwellings; they doubtless supposed that the law of love and common decency would prove sufficient there. He asked me if I believed the practice of chewing, and snuffing, and smoking,

and hawking, and spitting, added very considerably to domestic comfort; and if my own wife and daughters would be made less comfortable, if these practices were abandoned. I told him I must own it was not agreeable to my family. He began then to talk, rather freely, about selfish pleasures, domestic nuisances, &c., and I suppose I manifested my displeasure, for he took his hat, and, as he bade me good morning, said he should like to add, after the marriage covenant, to honor and obey, on the part of the woman, the words, "unless he uses tobacco in any form, or drinks any alcoholic liquor as a beverage." While Squire Goggle was going on in this manner, Dr. Sproule expressed his high satisfaction, by a smile of malicious pleasure.

Melancholy breakfast; wife very much dissatisfied. Resolved to take a long, lonely walk. Lighted one of Lundy's, and, with two or three spare ones in my pocket, proceeded out of the back door, across the lot, to the Muggletown road. Walked on with a slow pace and low spirits, meditating on my sermon, upon the distresses of the apostles. Resolved that my next discourse, after the one now in hand, should be against balls, and theatres, and fashionable parties. Isaiah lxviii. 16, furnishes a suitable text, in the first four words, "Why hop ye so?" This will contrast well with my discourse on the distresses of the apostles. Stopped to light

another of Lundy's. Just lighted it, when I heard the trot of a horse coming round the corner — Dr. Sproule! — threw down the old end and trod on it, and held the other, in my right hand, behind my back, extending my left, to shake hands with the doctor, as he drew up. "Your right hand, if you please, reverend sir," said Dr. Sproule. So I was obliged to expose what the doctor suspected I was trying to conceal. "Ah," said he, with a shake of the head, "still burning incense — still sacrificing to your idol, eh?" "Dr. Sproule," said I, with a little unusual precision and dignity of manner, "I am not very well, and have thought I would take a long walk, and meditate upon my sermon." "What is it about?" said he. I informed him. "A glorious subject!" said he; "I have that admirable chapter by heart. The distresses and necessities of the apostles! What a theme!" He paused, and I felt sure he would not let me go without a cut of some sort. "Full of fine texts, that chapter!" said he; "'*giving no offence in any thing, that the ministry be not blamed*,' — a fine text, that; and there is another, I think, in that chapter — '*wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing.*'" I asked him what he supposed the unclean thing meant. He said he did not positively know, — the learned were divided — but, if there was such a thing as

tobacco in those days, it must be that. He left me, saying he was going to see old Mrs. Mackintosh, who was very sick. Mem. — To go and see the old lady myself.

So disturbed by Dr. Sproule's rudeness, or, as he, I suppose, would call it, plain dealing, that I made slow progress with my sermon. Got home, in very ill humor with myself and every body else, which was soon forgotten, in the distress of my family. Found my youngest child, little Solomon, in convulsions, and my wife and daughters in the greatest agony. Ran myself for Dr. Sproule: fortunately, found him just quitting Mrs. Mackintosh: he examined the child, and, after all proper inquiries, rode home, and soon returned, full speed, with his stomach-pump. He succeeded in removing the contents of the stomach; and, after turning them over for a few moments, he seized a black substance, with his thumb and finger, and rudely running it almost into my nose, exclaimed, with a most revengeful expression of face, "Accursed tobacco!" I was quite hurt by his behavior, but found no sympathy in the looks of my wife and daughters. How it got into little Solomon's stomach was, for some time, a perfect mystery. I had left him in the morning, seated in my study, getting his task. Not long after I had gone out, old Madam Gooch brought him some bloom raisins, and, going into my study, had

poured them out of the paper, on the study table. I recollected, just as I was going out, and had lighted my cigar, to have taken out my cud, and laid it on the table. Poor dear little fellow! no doubt he swallowed it with his plums. I explained this, as calmly and clearly as possible, to my wife, who was more outrageous than Rachel; for she would not be comforted, though her child was in a fair way to recover. She seemed to look upon me as a murderer; and appeared to cling more closely to the idea, that I came within an inch of killing Solomon, than to the delightful conviction, that he was spared to his half-distracted parents. At last, we both lost our temper. I told her, that she might as justifiably impute the accident to Mrs. Gooch, who brought the raisins to little Solomon, as to me. She was very angry because I called such an awful thing an accident, and said there was no use in putting it off on Mrs. Gooch, who was as innocent as a child unborn, and that Dr. Sproule said I was the cause of it all. Felt wretchedly; retired into my study; forgot the distresses of the apostles in my own. Sick at heart; could not smoke.

Knew no way better to express my feelings, and a deep sense of the injustice done me, than by refusing meat. Accordingly, when I heard the footstep of the servant coming to inform me

that dinner was on table, rested my head upon my hand, and told her to ask her mistress to excuse me. I know not exactly why it is, but an object of anger ceases to be so, in the family relation I mean, as soon as he foregoes his victuals. Abstinence seems to be received, by the offended party, in the light of an atonement. My daughters soon came in, first one and then the other, to ask me if I would not have something cut off. I told them, in a low, dispirited tone, that I had as lief be cut off myself, as endure, a long while, all I had suffered that morning. My wife soon brought in some pudding, but I resolutely refused it. At the tea-table I reappeared, but with great solemnity. Little Solomon still improving, — mingled with our evening devotions a fervent thanksgiving for his preservation. Dr. Sproule called in the evening; desired to see me in private; told me my child was saved by a miracle; conjured me to believe I was injuring myself by the habit; that I looked worse and worse, from month to month; that my face, which is rather broad, presented a surface resembling the pale and partially tawny appearance of a hog recently scalded; that my eyes had lost a great deal of their lustre, and had much the glary appearance of the eyes of a fish that had been dead a week; that my walk was getting infirm, and my knees bent under me; that my breath was

intolerable. He asked me if I intended to visit Mrs. Mackintosh, who was very low. I told him I did. "Well," said he, "you may as well not go. You know how sick she is made by the smell of tobacco. She said to me, that she was so hard of hearing, and you were compelled to come so close, that, without hurting your feelings, she wished you to know the truth. She has sent for Mr. Smith, of Muggletown, to pray with and visit her occasionally." This mortified me very much; I will not deny it. "There," continued Dr. Sproule, "you see how, by your habit, you have made yourself useless to one of your worthiest parishioners, in a dying hour." I told the doctor I thought he was hard upon me; that many clergymen smoked and chewed; that Bishop Beastly smoked; and said, when spoken to about it, that "every gentleman smoked." "I am not hard upon you," said the doctor; "I believe it to be my duty to tell you the truth. Your dyspepsia is owing wholly to your use of tobacco. If Bishop Beastly says, that every gentleman uses tobacco, in some form or other, he utters an absolute, palpable, and impudent falsehood. It would be much nearer the truth to say, that every blackguard does; though I admit there are some, even of that class, who are free from this accomplishment. A clergyman must not infer that he has the respect of every man, woman, and child in the

parish, who does not laugh in his face, or lament his follies and bad habits in his presence. Your habit is nasty, selfish, sensual, offensive to those around you, and injurious to yourself. I am your physician, and must be honest." Thanked the doctor, rather dryly, for his counsel; bade him good night; found little Solomon was much better; smoked a couple of Lundy's, and went to bed, remembering the accident of the preceding night, and throwing my cud into the stove.

Wednesday, Jan. 3. Rose with an unaccountable feeling of diminished self-respect. Wind, probably, on my stomach. Almost regretted that I ever signed the pledge of abstinence from distilled spirits. Smoked one of Lundy's, and felt greatly relieved. I cannot think Sproule is right, though I have more dyspepsia than I used to have, and feel twitchy, and nervous, and apprehensive of undefinable evil. I wonder if it is not hypochondriasis. My wife told me, at breakfast, that Mrs. Mackintosh was dying, and asked if I had been to see her. Very unpleasant for a minister of the gospel to be obliged, before his wife and daughters, to explain such a matter, and state the truth, that a dying parishioner cannot bear the smell of her spiritual guide, and is obliged to send for a clergyman from a neighboring town. My wife and daughters were much grieved, because they feared it would be talked about in the parish.

Twist brought me the note this morning; and, as I feared, it contained nothing but my text, signed with my name; 2 Corinthians, vi. 5. He said it had perplexed him very much. I explained as well as I could, and told him to be careful how he sent me any more such pigtail. I told him it had well nigh destroyed a member of my family. I did not tell him the particulars.

Last month, Mrs. Jones, a member of my church, sent out six hundred invitations for a party. I was thunderstruck; so were my wife and all the serious people of the parish. It grieved my soul,—so worldly, so inconsistent and sinful in a professor, who had solemnly renounced the world, the flesh, and the devil! I resolved to do my duty. I conferred with the most devout and engaged members of my flock, and found but one opinion among those who were not invited. They all rejoiced in being thus exempted, as it were, from the very suspicion of such sinfulness. Captain Lundy, who has very just views of such things, urged me, by all means, to rebuke such unchristian conduct. So I am resolved, that such wicked practices shall not grow up in my parish through any negligence of mine.

Afternoon. Well, I have called on Mrs. Jones, and done my duty. I talked for an hour, most faithfully. The thing which disturbed me most was her perfect silence. Not one word did she

utter. When I stopped, she ordered cake and wine; attended me to the parlor door, and bade me good morning. Not very encouraging; my wife agreed with me, that the behavior of Mrs. Jones was inexplicable.

In the afternoon, Dr. Sproule dropped in, to look at little Solomon; and, while he was with us, a note was brought me from Mr. Jones, the husband of the lady, on whom I had called in the morning. I opened it with a little anxiety. A very polite billet, very courteously worded, thanking me, in the most cordial terms, for my visit; expressing the deepest regret that he was from home when I called; hoping I would repeat my visit, as often as I found it agreeable; assuring me, that he always listened to the discourses of such a faithful preacher and consistent exemplar with admiration; and closing with a wish, that I would take an early occasion to preach from a text which he should delight to have explained and illustrated, by such a profound scholar and self-denying Christian. The text referred to, he said, was in Job, ch. xli. ver. 20.

"Thanks to him who giveth the increase," I exclaimed; "my morning has not been spent in vain." In the pride of my heart, I rose rather exultingly, and handed the note to my wife, who read it with evident satisfaction, and passed it to my daughters, who seemed equally delighted. "My husband," said my wife, addressing the

doctor, "has been, this morning, to remonstrate with Mrs. Jones, who is a professor, you know, upon the great rout she had, last month, and they have taken it in a Christian and proper manner." "Yes," said I, rubbing my hands with pleasure, "they will never again bring censure upon the church by such sinful exhibitions; the Joneses will have no more such unseemly gatherings. I have put a stop to that." "The Joneses have no more parties!" cried the doctor, with a laugh; "why, their cards are out, this moment, for a monstrous ball!" "Impossible!" cried I. "It is just as certain," said the doctor, "as that manna is not tobacco." "Well," I replied, "their cards may be out, but the ball will surely be given up;—please, sir, to read the note from Mr. Jones." The doctor wiped his spectacles, and read the note three times, with a provokingly insidious smile upon his features, which increased with every perusal; and, returning it to me, requested Bertha, my eldest daughter, to hand him the Bible. "What is the text that Mr. Jones is so anxious to hear you preach upon?" said he. "Job, ch. xli. ver. 10," I replied. "Well; here it is," said he; "Job, ch. xli. ver. 20.—'*Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething-pot or caldron.*'" My wife and daughters hung their heads, and the doctor, scarcely able to suppress his laughter, beckoned me into the study, and then told

me that there was not a man in the parish who animadverted upon my use of tobacco so constantly and so very contemptuously as Mr. Jones. The doctor urged me to give it up, for the sake of my health, the comfort of my family, my own respectability, my professional character and usefulness. I promised him to think of it. It is a very bewitching habit, I am sure! Locked the door after the doctor; had prayers; lighted one of Lundy's, and labored for an hour upon a sermon; vexed and agitated by so many mortifications, brought little to pass; threw by the sermon; burnt my mouth badly with the fiery end of my cigar, by mistake; went to bed.

Thursday, Jan. 4. Bad headache, and some hiccough. Smoked a cigar, and felt better, but fidgety. The milkman says, that Mrs. Mackintosh is dead. In doubt what steps I ought to take about the funeral. She was a singular lady — had no near relations — considerable property. Often told me she should remember me in her will. Squire Goggle told me he had the will, but could divulge nothing of its contents before her decease. He felt authorized, however, to inform me, that the old lady would be found as good as her word. I felt very grateful; for my salary was a small one. Took my wife's advice, and went to the mansion-house, and offered my services. The old housekeeper told me I had better call on Lawyer Goggle. Went

to his office, and learned that the old lady had said no minister who used tobacco should make the prayer at her funeral; and that she had directed him to request Mr. Smith to officiate, and to pay him two hundred dollars for his services. When I returned, I found a kind note from brother Smith, expressing his feelings very properly; and I wrote him a suitable reply. Here was new cause for mortification. My wife thought the smallest sum left me in the will must be equal to the sum bestowed on brother Smith for a few prayers. I confess I shall be grievously disappointed if it is not a much larger sum. My relation to this funeral is an awkward one. My parishioners will think strange of it, I know. I shall attend with my family, of course; respect for the memory of a parishioner, and gratitude for a benefactress, require thus much at our hands.

Trouble with my sexton. Spade has always been a surly fellow; but I have ever supposed him tolerably honest. His father and grandfather were sextons. Rather a whimsical fellow, Spade; he fell from a hearse when quite a boy, and broke his left leg, which, having been unskilfully set, became much shorter than the right. He always said that he knew it was a providence. He was bent upon the sea, but this accident kept him in the profession of his father and grandfather. He has often been heard to

say, that it was a great help to him, in digging a grave, in which operation one foot is necessarily kept much lower than the other. I have heard that he and brother Lunt's sexton, Peter Loomis, who is a very able-bodied man, when old Goody Twattle died, dug her grave, for a wager. They agreed that she should be buried in the grave which should be the last completed; and Spade actually dug and squared his, and filled it up again, and put back the sward, before Loomis had finished his. He is, now and then, very communicative, but fancies he can write better than he can talk. Some time ago, I was rambling near the graveyard, while he was digging a grave; and, not recollecting that we had lost one of our number, I walked in, and inquired who was to be buried. He replied, that it was not intended for any one in particular, but he had a little leisure, just then, and thought he might as well employ it. I asked him if it was not wider than common graves. He said it was, and added, "I'm a recknin old Caul, the butcher, has killed his last critter: he's had three doctors, and I guess he won't stand it agin 'em all."

I turned the subject to the character of his business, and the feelings it produced. I have often thought the mysteries of the charnel-house would be curious, and not uninteresting, if faithfully developed. Spade shook his head, and became very solemn; and, looking round, as though

he was fearful of being overheard, said there were mysteries in every craft, he supposed. I asked him if it had not struck him as foolish extravagance, that silver plates and other articles of value should be buried with the dead, when copper or pewter plates would answer quite as well, and the value of the silver might be given to the poor. He paused for a moment, and answered, gruffly, that he didn't think any such thing; and, gathering up his tools, left the grave unfinished, and went away. I was very much surprised at his behavior, and could not account for it; though it was well known he was an odd fellow. Three days after, he sent me, by his son, a letter of such an extraordinary character, that, lest I should lose the original, I will now transcribe it in my diary, word for word.

"For Rev. Sol. Spittle: These.

"Rev. Sir:

"I never meddled with your business, nor pryed into your consarns, nor ax'd how many texts there was that would fit one sarmon. What you meant about silver plates is best known to yourself. If copper or pewter should be prostituted for silver, saxtons would be scace. Them things is parkysitts, and always was. When the coffins is all bruk up and rotten, we gathers up the bones decent, and puts 'em in a hole, and we never puts the silver plates with

the bones; for sometimes three or four coffins, in on old yard, gets knocked all together, and nobody knows which is which. Experienced saxtons is petiklar. 'Twould be jest like telling a lie to put the plates with the wrong bones. Well — who's a goin' to harry up the emotions of the bereaved, arter their frinds is all gone, and nothin' left — no nothin' to speak on — by carryin' the old silver plates to 'em, when the prescription is clean gone, may be. I've heer'd father say that grandfather told him never to be guilty of such unfeelin' conduct, and he said solemnly that he never was. Sometimes folks is buried with goold rings. Them's parkysitts. We always gets 'em, for it's no use to leave 'em in the arth arter everything's gone to rack; and, as I said afore, none but a ginivine berberian would ravage the sentiments of the heirs, and throw some on 'em, like enough, into convulsions, by such painful memorandums. Then there's folks dies, with goold chains and lockets, and bracelets, and keepsakes, and sich like, and begs they may never be taken off. Them's parkysitts, too, and all sich kind o' fancy articles. We gets 'em all in the corse o' natur. Some saxtons is all for tombs. I'm agin 'em — so was father and grandfather. The temptation is e'enamost too much for all but saxtons that has been brought up reglar and scruplous. I never could see into the sense of putting on so much fine

riggin' on to a poor dead body. Them worms don't mind satin nor lace, and they rather poke among so'thing they can understand, than all the goold rings in creation. Well, it's a snare for a young, inexperenced saxton. Sartain, it's wrong to put loose coin in a poor body's way, jest to see how it'll work. So it aint right to put goold rings, and silver plate, and fine caps, and scarfs, and sich like, in a poor saxton's way. No saxton as is honorable will ever make or meddle till a crush, that is, till things is a rack, and none as is honorable will do anything to bring on a rack, out o' the corse o' natur'. Jim Mattocks was blamed by the hull on us for his conduct. He knew that old Captain Guzzler was berrid with three goold rings and his goold-headed cane, by his petiklar request; and, not many years arter, when the old lady died — she was the biggest woman in the county — he clapped her right on the top of the captain, and there was a rack, right off. It was ondecent, and we told him so. Some o' the family, when another was berrid in that tomb, had a curosity to look at the old captain's remnants, and they was clean gone. Mattocks was tipsy when he was first axd about it, and said the old gentleman was a great walker, and, as he took his cane with him, like as not he had walked off. But when the captain's son heerd on it, he went to Mattocks, and threatened to

make a menotomy of him on the spot. Mattocks swore 'twas a rack, in corse o' natur, and that the bones was put in a pit under the tomb. No doubt he took the rings and the goold-headed cane; but he never would own it. If Mattocks had been patient for a year or two more, the rack would have come in corse o' natur, and then them things would been parkysitts; but every saxton as valleyd character, blamed his conduct.

"There's other things as is onpleasant about tombs. They changes owners, and the new comers don't want the old bones there no longer. Sometimes the town claims 'em,—not the bones, but the tombs. The name's gone out, may be; — so the town advertises for the owners to come forard. They've all gone off, may be; then the town seizes the tombs. Jest so, since I can remember, five tombs was seized in Witchville, and all the ashes was shovelled .out in broad day.

"That aint the worst on it. It's a sight harder for doctor's folks to dig arter a body, several hours, not knowin' but what the next o' kin's takin' aim behind some grave-stone, than to slip into a tomb, with the key, that sich a fellow as Mattocks would have let 'em had for half a dollar, and jest bag their bird, and slip off quietly, while Mattocks kept watch. I heerd father say that there was, in his day, an old maid, a Miss Lumpus, who had the most remark-

able long chin that ever was seen; and a tongue longer than that; and she made bad work with it, and used to wag it right and left, agin all her neighbors. Every body was afeerd on her. She had a mortal hatred to Dr. Pennyroyal, because he spoke about her havin' a scrofly. She used to say all manner o' things agin him. He got riled at last, and vowed if she died in his time he'd have her menotomy. Well, she did; but whether the doctor kept his word or not, nobody could tell. Sartain it was, about a fortnight arter she was berrid, there was hung up in the doctor's room a bran new menotomy, with the longest and peekedest chin that ever was seen. Father said he and another saxton got the key, and went into the Lumpus tomb, from curosity. There was the coffin, all correct; and father said the story was all nonsense, and was a coming out; but t'other saxton onscrewed the lid, and father and he both looked in, and Miss Lumpus wasn't there, no how.

"If you meant to refer to me when you ax'd about the silver plates, I can only say, we always takes 'em, as parkysitts; but I never touched any o' them things till there was a crush, in the corse o' natur, and a reglar rack.

"Yours to sarve,

"ELKANAH SPADE."

Such was this extraordinary letter. Spade

had of late been rather insolent in his behavior, and free in his remarks. Several benevolent young ladies of my parish had associated, for the purpose of presenting me a testimonial of their respect, on New Year's Day. They had taken the trouble to organize; and had even appointed a president, vice-president, and secretary. I acquired this information from my daughter Bertha, to whom it was communicated by Miss Tibbits, who heard it in confidence from Miss Merrigoold, the secretary. They had five meetings, at which no speaker was allowed more than fifteen minutes. There was considerable diversity of opinion as to the article to be selected. A pair of handsome black smallclothes was suggested; which, I cannot deny, would have been very acceptable. This was rejected, because, as Miss Mooney, who teaches metaphysics in the young ladies' academy, observed, a necessary, intrinsic quality, in every memorial, is permanency; the mind peremptorily demands the presence of that specific quality; and breeches will wear out. Miss Sparkle, the daughter of my friend the jeweller, proposed a diamond pin, which would last forever. This was almost unanimously rejected, as uncanonical and improper; whereupon, as I heard with the deepest regret, Miss Sparkle left the meeting in tears. Miss Picket remarked that she had often thought our sitting-room needed a mirror. Upon this,

Miss Mizzle, Miss Frizzle, and Miss Twizzle, rose at the same instant to address the chair. The president decided that Miss Twizzle had the floor. Miss Mizzle appealed from the decision. The ayes and noes were called for, and the decision of the president confirmed. Miss Twizzle then addressed the meeting, in a most impressive and eloquent speech, against the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and was particularly severe upon the flesh and the devil. She was in the midst of a beautiful apostrophe to Cato, who framed sumptuary laws, when the president's fan went down upon the table, intimating that the fifteen minutes had expired. It was moved and seconded, that the time be extended two minutes. Upon this, a debate ensued, which occupied more than half an hour; but the motion prevailed, and Miss Twizzle proceeded. Miss Merrigoold told Bertha she never heard any thing so truly eloquent. Miss Twizzle remarked, "The holy volume is the only suitable mirror for the man of God!" and, after a scorching anathema against looking-glasses of all sorts and sizes, she indignantly exclaimed, What if he beholdeth his natural face in a glass!—"He goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was." This introduction of the text was most singularly happy.

Things seemed to be at a stand, when it was announced, that Miss Spooney and Miss Toodle

were below, as a committee from the Female Auxiliary Society, who were in session at the same time, and for the same object, at Cooley's Corner. It was voted, unanimously, that Miss Spooney and Miss Toodle be introduced, and invited to take seats in the assembly. They were accordingly introduced. Miss Spooney was conducted to her seat by Miss Twizzle, and Miss Toodle to hers by Miss Picket.

Miss Spooney, on behalf of the Female Auxiliary Society, announced that three elegant Indian spittoons had been recently imported by Captain Lundy, which could be purchased at a very reasonable rate; that it had occurred to the Female Auxiliary, that one of these spittoons for the parlor of the rector, one for the study, and one for the pulpit, might be deemed an appropriate and useful memorial. The suggestion was applauded by the whole body. A motion was made, that a committee of five be appointed by the chair, to make the purchase. An amendment was offered, by Miss Mooney, that the committee consist of three, that being the precise number of the spittoons. The amendment was accepted by the mover. The vote was then taken on the main question, and it passed unanimously. A vote of thanks was passed to the Female Auxiliary, for the very commendable zeal and promptitude which they had manifested upon this interesting occasion. A vote of thanks

was passed to Miss Spooney and Miss Toodle, for the prompt and efficient manner in which they had conveyed the information from Cooley's Corner. A motion was made that the thanks of the assembly be presented to Captain Lundy, for importing the spittoons; but this motion, after a long discussion, was negatived. Miss Spooney, Miss Toodle, and Miss Picket, were appointed by the chair to make the purchase. Miss Twizzle was appointed by the chair to make an address, to be delivered on the presentation of the spittoons; and the meeting was adjourned to the same place, at nine o'clock on New Year's morning.

Every thing went on very pleasantly, until just before New Year. The spittoons were purchased; the address was prepared; when, in the most sudden and unaccountable manner, the whole thing was given up. Captain Lundy, upon the request of the young ladies, took back the spittoons, and there was an end of it. Delicacy prevented Captain Lundy from saying any thing to me upon the subject. Once or twice he dropped hints that my sexton, Spade, was rather a meddling, impertinent fellow; and, at last, through Bertha, I ascertained that Spade was at the bottom of it all. I could not imagine in what manner he had brought about such a result. His motives I could not comprehend.

This afternoon, ascertained that Spade had

talked with several persons in the parish, before New Year, disrespectfully of me; and that, almost immediately after, the parents of several of the young ladies had positively forbidden their daughters to have any thing to do with the spittoons. Felt very indignant. Sat up late, conversing with my wife about Spade's impertinence. She was very sad. I told her Spade should leave the parish, or I would. She conjured me not to be rash. Smoked three of Lundy's, and resolved to settle matters with Spade in the morning. Retired, much excited; awakened my wife, and talked about Spade and the spittoons till after midnight.

Friday, Jan. 5. Very bad headache. Could not find my cud; fear I swallowed it during the night. After breakfast, sent Bertha over to Spade's house, to tell him I wished to see him immediately. He asked what I wanted him for. Bertha told him he would know when he came. She has a high spirit. "Tell your father," said he, "old Ma'am Mackintosh is to be buried this afternoon, and, as the dead can't bury the dead, I've got to dig the grave, and see to matters, and I can't come till after the funeral." I made Bertha write down the words, that I might show them to the deacons. Such insolence is not to be passed over in silence.

Walked out. Returned soon. Very low spirits. Smoked one of Lundy's. Wrote a

page of my sermon on the distresses. Wife engaged in getting things ready to attend the funeral. Miss Twizzle called to see Bertha; and, in going to the door, trod, unfortunately, in some saliva that happened to be upon the canvas carpet; fell backward, and hurt her head severely. We were very sorry, and my wife was engaged an hour in rubbing her head with camphor, while Bertha was occupied in getting out the stain of the saliva from Miss Twizzle's salmon-colored silk.

Troubled with continued headache and nausea. Have very little doubt that I swallowed my cud last night in my sleep. Could eat no dinner. My wife urged me to take an emetic. Grew sicker. Bertha begged I would send for Dr. Sproule. Felt ashamed to send for him and tell him my suspicions; — thought of the stomach-pump. Took half a wine-glass of brandy, as a medicine only. Laid my head back, and began to doze. Roused by the tolling of the bell for the funeral. Envied Mrs. Mackintosh, and wished it was my own. Wife and daughters begged me not to go. Thought I must make the effort, lest my absence should be ascribed to resentment, because the prayer was made by Mr. Smith. Just as we were starting, a note came from the lady of old Major Kettledrum, who was thought to be afflicted with a cancer in her nose, occasioned, as Dr. Sproule had told

her, by an inordinate use of snuff. She wished to know if there was, in the Scriptures, any thing against tobacco. At that moment, I positively wished there was. Sent her word I would see her on the subject.

Returned from the funeral. A most excellent prayer from brother Smith. He evidently felt for me, and his supplications were full of brotherly love. After the prayer, Squire Goggle read a list of those persons who were requested to return from the grave to the late mansion of the defunct; my name was called among the first. About forty persons returned, after the interment. When we were all seated, Squire Goggle produced the will; and, after reading the direction, which required it to be opened by himself, in presence of at least ten of the legatees therein named, he broke the seals of the envelope, and before he read the document, proceeded to make a few remarks, touching the character of the deceased. He observed, that she was a lady of strong prejudices, and marked peculiarities of character, but of sterling good sense, and a kind and charitable heart; that some then within reach of his voice could testify that she had been a benefactress of the needy. He then opened the will. The first bequest was to Gershom Goggle, Esq., five thousand dollars, in trust, the interest to be paid on New Year's Day, in every year, to four poor widows of the parish, whom the said

Goggle should judge the most deserving, and who made no use of tobacco in any form. To sundry persons legacies of from one hundred to five hundred dollars. To Elkanah Spade three hundred dollars, as an inducement to continue his exertions to prevent the use of tobacco in the parish. To three young men, two hundred dollars each, provided they left off the use of tobacco for one year. Considerable sums were then given to various charitable institutions, provided no person should be employed therein, in any capacity, who made use of tobacco in any form. The very last legacy was to myself; — "to my pastor, the Rev. Solomon Spittle, as a mark of my sincere regard, and for his sole use and benefit, I will and bequeath an original copy of the 'Counterblaste to Tobacco,' by King James, published in 1603, — brought over to this country by my great grandfather."

I confess I was terribly mortified, and sadly disappointed, and went back to my family with a heavy heart. My wife — what a staff in trouble is a good wife! — attempted to console me. I was very much cast down; and, though quite unwell, was just proceeding to my study to write a portion of my sermon on the distresses, when I was informed that Spade had come, according to my request. I felt, after such a day of accidents, in no humor to deal with him, as, in my opinion, he deserved to be dealt with; but I as-

sumed an expression of unusual sternness, and directed him to be sent in. I had thrown open my manuscript, placed myself as upright as possible in my easy-chair, and crossed my legs with becoming dignity, when he tapped at the study door. "Come in," said I, with a portentous voice. In came Spade; and, as I thought, with an air of triumphant insolence. I found it extremely difficult to restrain my indignation, with the irritating consciousness upon my mind that he, Elkanah Spade, my sexton, should have received a legacy of three hundred dollars, and I nothing but an old musty copy of the Counterblaste. "Well, Spade," said I, "you want to see me." "No, I don't," he replied, with his arms akimbo. I confess my weakness — I felt for a moment that it would have been exceedingly grateful to the flesh to have kicked him out of doors; but I reflected that I was set apart for a different work. "O, yes — I remember," continued I; "I sent for you. I have learned with much regret, Spade, that you have been meddling, of late, with matters that do not concern you. You know what I mean." "No, I don't," he replied. "Spade," said I, with great solemnity of manner, "you equivocate." "No, I don't," said he. "You presume, then," I continued, "to tell me to my face that you did not know the young ladies of my parish intended to present me with a New Year offering!" "No,

I don't," replied Spade. "Don't you know that it is very impertinent for an ignorant person like yourself to make your observations upon the conduct of the young ladies of this parish?" "No, I don't," answered Spade, with a most comical and provoking expression. "Do you mean to insult me?" said I. "No, I don't," he replied. Finding I could do nothing with him, I told him I had nothing more to say to him, but that I was satisfied he intended to make an uproar in the parish; and the only words I heard, as he walked off, were "No, I don't." An extraordinary fellow, this! Smoked a couple of Lundy's, and wrote a few paragraphs on the distresses. Felt wretchedly. Had prayers. Smoked one more Lundy, and went to bed. Told my wife that I feared this parish was not exactly the field of usefulness for me.

Saturday, *Jan.* 6. Woke with my customary headache; smoked two of Lundy's before breakfast. While at breakfast, a messenger came from Squire Goggle, with the legacy of Mrs. Mackintosh. I think I must find a settlement somewhere, — in Virginia, perhaps, — where this anti-tobacco feeling does not exist. Smoked one of Lundy's, and, cutting a piece of pigtail, went out for air and exercise; met several of my parishioners; thought they all looked rather knowingly at me, — heard of the legacy, no doubt. Really, a clergyman's is not a bed of

roses. Returned, after an hour's walk, and as it was Saturday, went to work, in good earnest, upon my sermon. Finished my sermon on the distresses of the apostles. Bertha brought home one of her Sabbath scholars to dinner; took the child into my study after dinner; as I lighted a Lundy, the child began to cry, and asked to go home. I inquired into the cause, and the little girl replied, that her grandmother said tobacco was a nasty, wicked thing. Deacon Grunter called to ask if I proposed to preach a funeral sermon on the late Mrs. Mackintosh. I told him I had not thought of it, and as she was unwilling that I should make the prayer at her funeral, I supposed it would seem indecorous for me to preach a sermon upon this occasion. Deacon Grunter said she was a whimsical old body, but that he got along with her very well, and he did not believe she knew he used tobacco; for he never smoked, and never was in the habit of spitting, but swallowed it, and thought it did him good. Smoked one of Lundy's, — tea, — prayers, — two of Lundy's; went to bed. A very unhappy week this. Talked seriously with my wife about leaving this parish.

Sunday, Jan. 7. Headache, as usual; smoked one of Lundy's; divided my sermon into two parts, — the necessities in the morning, the distresses in the afternoon. The fear of ridicule

is a powerful principle. I own I felt very unpleasantly at the thought, that every one I should meet would be thinking of the Counter-blaste.

After breakfast, retired to my study, to compose my thoughts, and prepare, by prayer and meditation, for the duties of the day; to improve my voice, and fortify my spirit, smoked a couple of Lundy's.

Preached my morning discourse. People attentive, though, occasionally, I thought I saw a covert smile upon the countenances of some of my parishioners. On my way home, encountered old Major Kettledrum, who said his wife was very anxious to see me, and that some passages in Leviticus and Deuteronomy had troubled her very much of late. He said she was particularly desirous of knowing the precise meaning of the text, that "all who chew the cud, but are not cloven-footed, are unclean beasts." Major Kettledrum is so very peculiar, that I cannot divine whether he propounds this question in jest or in earnest.

Preached my afternoon sermon. Less attention. Lawyer Goggle and Deacon Grunter fast asleep. Children catechized. One small boy, when asked about Noah, said he was a husbandman, but father said Noah never raised any tobacco. A weary day. Not at all satisfied

with myself; and displeased with every body else. Went home and smoked three of Lundy's: very refreshing after preaching. Tea; prayers; went to bed early. Very little sympathy in this parish. Think I shall not remain long.

Monday, Jan. 8. Excessively Mondayish feelings. Smoked two of Lundy's before breakfast. A long, and, I dare say, an impertinent letter from Spade. Threw it on my study table, after reading the first paragraph. Told my wife, at breakfast, that Spade or I must quit. I really believe the fellow's legacy has turned his brain.

Went into my study, and, after smoking one of Lundy's, read Spade's letter: a stranger mixture of oddity and impudence I have never seen. As I have inserted his former letter in my diary, I will transcribe this, also, precisely as it is in the original.

"To Rev. Sol. Spittle: These.

"Rev. Sir:

"I've been saxton in this parish three and twenty year, come the fourteenth day of next Febbivery; my father was saxton for thirteen year; and my grandfather for thirty-seven year; and no minister, afore you, ever charged one on us with equisticatin'. Let me tell you, Mr. Spittle, respectful but farm, it isn't in the natur' of a Spade to equisticate. You twitted me about

my ignorance. I know I've had no eddicashon; but, though I don't know the Hebrew for terbakkor, I know what terbakkor is, to my sorror; and I'm agin it, and you knew I was, the first week you settled. And I'm more agin it now than ever; for Lawyer Goggle told me, this very day, that arter the great ginerosity of the late Mrs. Mackintosh, I aut to consider myself set apart, by the old lady's will, to extarminate that etarnal, stinkin weed from this parish. I'm agoin to write a plain account of the corse of terbakkor in this parish, and if I equisticate, you can let me know it. Father has often told me, that grandfather said the first minister that he remembered was the Rev. Dionishous Doolittle; and he said he answered to his name, for he did little but smoke terbakkor from mornin' to night. Pipes then was in vogue. And, in shaking out the fiery ashes, he set fire to a barrel of sermons, and burnt 'em all. Folks said, 'twas a providence, for, a good many times, when he was puffed up somehow with terbakkor, he'd threatened to print 'em. Once the bowl of his pipe capsized, when he was a sleepin' in his chair, and the fiery terbakkor sot his loose gown agoin, and he woke up all of a light blaze, and his wife, and darters, and maid, and hired man had their hands full to put him out; some loose papers caught, and they were goin' to ring the bell and

get the ingine, but finally they got the old gentleman under. Parson Doolittle thought terbakkor a blessin', a good creature of God, when smoked, but when chawed or snuffed, a terrible curse.

"The next minister, in grandfather's time, was Parson Pincher. He was very severe upon smokers, and said that chawin' was awful nasty; but he took a mortal sight of snuff. He carried no box, but had his snuff all loose in a leather pokitt. He took it by handfuls; and used to rub it all over his nose, and throw it about, at a terrible rate; and when he got excited in the pulpit, he would scatter it over the deacons, and set 'em a sneezin' like all possessed. One dry spell, he prayed that the earth might not be powder and dust; and one Krippen, a wag of that day, said, as he came out of meetin', that it would be, if the minister didn't leave off throwin' his snuff about at that rate. He lost his voice entirely, many years before he died, and became quite useless.

"Arter him came Parson Eldad Hawker. He was an able man, and remonstrated very feelingly with Parson Pincher upon his disgustin' habit of taking snuff. He delivered several excellent lecters agin smokin'. But he chawed awfully. It used to be a sayin', in them days, that sich a man would lie as fast as Parson

Hawker chawed. There was no contrivances, in them times, to spit in, as there is now. Ministers of the Gospel, sich as chawed, used to spit broadcast, like other folks; and grandfather used to say, that when Parson Eldad got warm in an argiment, his adverserry must look out sharp, or he'd get it. Grandfather said, t'was about as bad to clean out the pulpit, a Monday morning, as to clean a smallish hog-stye. Father said, that grandfather, one day, brought down a large Hingham box, which he said contained over three hundred cuds, taken out of Parson Hawker's pulpit in the space of six years. Grandfather thought he would collect 'em as a sort of ecclesyasticle curosity. Sometimes he found 'em on the floor, sometimes on the seat or cushin, sometimes on the Bible, and, now and then, as a mark in the him book. Parson Hawker died of consumshon, brought on, as the doctor said, by terbakkor. The parish got sot agin it. They resolved to have the Gospel without terbakkor; and they stuck to it, through the last of grandfather's days; and, all through father's time, there wasn't a terbakkonist minister, not one. Since I've been saxton, there's been two. Mr. Brown, the first minister, in my time, neither took snuff nor chawed; but he smoked a little. Old lady Mackintosh found it out, and with the aid of Dr. Sproule and Squire Goggle, persuaded

him to give it up directly. And now I've
down to the time of your settlement. The
cud found in the pulpit for many years, I fo
there on the first morning you preached, and
pulpit was terribly nasty with terbakkor. Ev
Sunday it's jest so, brim full of sallyvation.
afore you gets up to preach, when you st
down in the pulpit, out of sight, for a minitt
two, everybody's got so used to it, that they kn
what's a goin' on — they know you're busy
tin' your cud out, and a spittin'. Even Capt
Lundy, who, though he smokes, don't ch
said, t'other day, that was a nasty beginn
Squire Goggle and Mr. Jones was talkin' it ov
last week. Mr. Jones said you wrote fine s
mons. Squire Goggle replied, that you
under the stimmilus of terbakkor, which,
added, was saying that you wrote them wh
you was intoxicated.[6] For his part, he said,
never was greatly eddyfied, by sich Virginny
corses. He said what came over the devi
back went under his belly, according to the
proverb; and he couldn't but think, that wh
begun in smoke, would end in smoke. C
Father Cleverly came along, as they was
talkin'; and when they told him what 'tw
about, he shook his head, and said, it
him like old times, when old Parson
was in the flesh. Father Cleverly sa[illegible] we

membered how angry the old gentleman was, ecause some unknown person writ a request, iat he would preach from first of Samuel xxi., art of the thirteenth verse, '*And he changed his ehaviour before them and let his spittle fall down pon his beard.*' Mr. Jones said his wife wished o be perlite to her minister, but the very sight nd smell on him made her stummuck roll over. Father Cleverly said the parochal relashon was lean spoilt, by sich nasty ways. There was uite a knot got together at last. 'Twas down t Cooley's Corner. Dr. Sproule said, he well new the truth of what Father Cleverly said. He old half a dozen cases, where sick folks wouldn't ave the minister sent for, because the smell was o pertickler. He said their narves was weak, nd they couldn't bear loud talking, and the ninister had to put his mouth right in their aces, and there wasn't one in twenty could tand it. He told about old Miss Pennycatcher, vhat kept the little huckster shop. She wasn't ver religious. When she was dying, she got vor ed with the idee, that she'd took too much of ittl children, for nuts and gingerbread; and he aid he sent for you. Dr. Sproule said she told im she couldn't stand it more than once, and rather die in her sins, than have sich nsolation. Squire Goggle said, arter ll, the example was the worst on it. He said

every dirty scamp in the parish looked up to you for a pattern. He said old Captain Kettledrum told him you was the fuglar — that he kept his eye on you, and never smoked nor chawed any more than the minister. He talked a good deal about your leggycy. Mr. Jones said he supposed Squire Goggle put that noshun into the head of Ma'am Mackintosh. The Squire said 'twas her own idee altogether. All agreed 'twas an appropryitt gift. He said the old lady thought everything of the Counterblaste, and asked him several year ago, how much it would cost to put a copy into the family of every minister in the United States, as a parmynent dockiment. But he convinced her there were more modern works, that would answer the purpose better.

"And now, sir, I'll say a few words about them spittoons, that the young ladies was a goin' to present on New Year's Day. I heerd all about it; and I talked with old Father Cleverly about it, and with Mr. Jones, and Dr. Sproule, and Squire Goggle, and they all agreed 'twas no more nor no less than an encouragement of nastyness. I am goin' to tell the hull truth. I never did equisticate, and I never will. I went to three of the gentlemen, whose darters was most perminent in the bisness, and asked 'em if they would be so good as to meet me, on Monday mornin', at the meeting house, and bring

their darters. I gin 'em a hint of what 'twas for; so they said they would. On Monday they came. I told 'em plainly what I heerd — that they was a goin to lay out their money a buying you spittoons. I told 'em honestly all that Father Cleverly said about its encouraging nastiness, and all Squire Goggle and Dr. Sproule said; I told them I'd seen them spittoons at Captain Lundy's, and that they wasn't so big as the crown of a man's hat, and that, for several years, I'd had a pretty considerable candle-box, up in the pulpit, half full of sand, and that you couldn't hit that, or wouldn't. I told 'em it seemed to come nat'ral to you, to spit off broadcast, and no spittoon, smaller than the pulpit, would be of any use. I then told 'em I hadn't yet cleaned the pulpit, but left it for them to examine, jest as it was, arter you had operated. I asked 'em to step up and look at it. So, arter some little talk as to who should go up first, Miss Spooney went up. To help herself up the stairs, which is rather inconvenient, she put her hand on the flat top rail; and, when she took it away, something stuck to her yellow glove. 'Twas your cud, that you left there. She came down quicker than she went up, with her nose up in the air, like a young pinter. They all looked into the pulpit, and agreed they wouldn't have believed that one minister could have done it, without

assistance. Old Col. Picket was the last to go up; and, when he came down, he shook his head, and said it did not smell orthodox. It's been proposed by some, instead of a pulpit, to have only a raised platform, with nothin' round it, so that every secret thing shall be brought to light. Father Cleverly, who's amazin' quick for a text, said, in such case you might well preach from the latter part of Isaiah, l. 6, 'I hid not my face from shame and spitting.' Dr. Sproule, who is full as ready with scripture as Father Cleverly, said he should recommend, in such a case, the latter part of Job, vii. 19, 'Let me alone, till I swallow my spittle.' I shall do my utmost to comply with the will of Ma'am Mackintosh, and exart myself agin terbakkor in this parish; and, if you mean to live here, and look arter the spirytle wants of this people, you had better give it up.

"Yours to sarve,

"ELKANAH SPADE."

Very offensive. Read this letter to my wife. Very indignant. Made up my mind that this is too much for flesh and blood. Smoked two Lundy's. Thought I had some friends, who would stand by me. Met brother Lunt; he says they are making the same fuss about tobacco in his parish. Wrote a note to my dea-

cons, asking them to call a meeting of the society, and to present my request for an immediate dismission; resolving to go where I might be permitted to enjoy the good creatures of God, without persecution. Smoked one of Lundy's, and went to bed.

Thursday, *Jan.* 11. Written nothing in my diary since Monday; and, as I am to quit, shall keep it no longer. My parishioners had a meeting yesterday, and granted my request. Captain Lundy and old Major Kettledrum said a few things favorable to me and to tobacco, but the opposition was overwhelming; so much so that both my deacons took out their cuds, and slipped them into their pockets, and joined in the general sentiment. Several votes were passed: one to pay my salary up to the first of April, and the expenses of my removal; a second to increase the compensation of the sexton; a third to remove the candle-box from the pulpit, and to clean and paint the same; and a fourth appointing Sproule and Goggle a committee to look out for a candidate, with a particular injunction to ascertain his sentiments on the subject of tobacco. An impudent jest of Spade's I shall not soon forget; — he said, if I had not converted many, I had chewed tobacco unto salivation.

Well, my connections are sundered! I could

have been happy here, could I have smoked and chewed in peace. But, as it is, nothing remained for me but to fly from this uncompromising people, or to remain, and chew the cud of bitter fancy to the end of my days.

NOTES.

1.

Croker's Boswell, Vol. IV., page 56.

2.

Mass. Colony Laws, Ch. 95

3.

When Mr. Morris returned from his foreign embassy in Paris, it is said, he was considered the most accomplished illustration of the term among our countrymen — *Factus ad unguem*. A person of polished and consummate behavior, and of truly polite and refined address, he deserved honors for patriotism and intelligence not alone, but for manners also. On occasion of a public dinner, given him by some select persons of distinction in Philadelphia, it is stated, that the Rev. Doctor ———, of the Pusey sympathy, was a guest. This academical personage felt the power of Mr. Morris, and breathed the same atmosphere not without restraint, in his presence. He was eminently addicted to the smoking mania — which Morris, with elegant consistency, disdained. The Doctor sat patient and attentive near him; and through all the well-cooked courses and dainties, he was sparing and abstemious, waiting — for a cigar. All that series of various excellence, preceding his favorite luxury, he valued only as a tolerably tedious turnpike road to the pleasures of fumation. Presently, some fine yellow Spaniards were served — when the Doctor, recovering his spirits, reached prompt and far to secure one, not unobserved by Mr. Morris. The consciously awkward action occasioned a mutual glance, when the following dialogue ensued, to the no small interest of the arrested circle.

Do gentlemen smoke in France, Mr. Morris?

Gentlemen, Doctor, smoke ——— nowhere.

What, Sir? O! Pardon — hope I don't offend, sir.

O! no. It takes all sorts to make a world. *Gentleman*, in Paris, means something, Doctor. Smoke, then, if you choose; we have old clothes on. I was not, however, aware of your habit.

Preface, by Dr. Cox, to Lane's Mysteries of Tobacco

4.

Macnish, page 64; Anatomy of Drunkenness.

5.

LETTER FROM JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

QUINCY, *Mass.*, *Aug.* 19, 1845.

DEAR SIR—I have received your letter of the 13th instant, and shall deem myself honored by the inscription to me of your introduction to the proposed publication of the Rev. B. I. Lane's work on TOBACCO AND ITS MYSTERIES. In my early youth I was addicted to the use of tobacco in two of its mysteries, smoking and chewing. I was warned by a medical friend of the pernicious operation of this habit upon the stomach and the nerves; and the advice of this physician was fortified by the results of my own experience. More than thirty years have passed away since I deliberately renounced the use of tobacco in all its forms; and although the resolution was not carried into execution without a struggle of vitiated nature, I never yielded to its impulses; and in the space of three or four months of self-denial, they lost their stimulating power, and I have never since felt it as a privation.

I have often wished that every individual of the human race afflicted with this artificial passion could prevail upon himself to try, but for three months, the experiment which I have made; sure that it would turn every acre of tobacco-land into a wheat-field, and add five years of longevity to the average of human life.

I am, with great respect, Dear Sir,
Your friend and Christian brother,
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Rev. SAMUEL H. COX, D. D., *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

6.

"Intoxication, to a lesser or greater extent, is a certain consequence of using tobacco in any of its forms; hence, *between the habitual smoker and the habitual dram-drinker there can scarcely be said to be a shade of difference.* It is only because tobacco does not ordinarily produce that excess of intoxication known as drunkenness, that it is viewed as a thing less pernicious. The young beginner in smoking usually experiences its poisonous effects; he is overcome by nausea and a peculiar giddiness, and not unfrequently vomits. Fortunately he is unable to continue the dose, otherwise the consequence might be stupor, convulsions, and death. Practice in this, as in every other species of intemperance, leads to a vitiation of appetite and a hardened state of feeling; but the intoxication, nevertheless, does its work on the constitution. The secretion and waste of saliva is considerable; thirst is produced; and thus the *pipe and pot* are generally associated.

"The advocates of smoking represent that it is favorable to study, that it excites the reflective faculties, is the friend of the meditative; and that for these virtues it has been eulogized by poets and divines. We reply, that the brain, in a state of health, requires no such auxiliary, and that the application is, at the best, a deceptive friend, for it promotes dreamy and visionary notions, and finally robs its votary of the power of either thinking or acting in a manly manner. And, as a habitual indulgence, its lulling and stupefying effects keep the Germans in a state of contented submission to despotism, and wrapped, as it has been said, in 'a transcendental cloud.' We feel assured that no great or ennobling thoughts ever issued from the fumes of this intoxicating plant."—*Chambers's Miscellany.*

[The following case, from Dr. J. C. Warren's Surgical Observations on Tumors, page 347, et seqq., may prove refreshing to the chewers of tobacco.]

"Jabez Wood, Jr., a seaman of Maine, was admitted into the M. G. Hospital, Nov. 8, 1836. He had a large fungous sore, occupying the right side of the tongue, for nearly two inches in length, and covering half the breadth of the organ. Its appearance is that of a foul mushroom fungus, of a dark red color, ulcerated deeply in the middle, and rising above the surface of the tongue, a quarter of an inch. See Plate XI. The mouth is very offensive, and the teeth are blackened by the foul discharge. The disease is not constantly painful. At times he has a sharp pain, darting from the tongue into the ears. It is rarely sufficient to keep him from sleeping in the night. It appears, that, eleven weeks since, he noticed a small, hard lump, on the right edge of the tongue. This shortly became painful, and, bursting, discharged a fluid, and the aperture ulcerated and formed a sore. Of late, this has increased rapidly. About three weeks since, a lymphatic gland, on the right side of the neck, swelled, and continues so. The patient has been, for a great many years, a free consumer of tobacco, and the disease originated, on the part of the tongue, which lay in contact with the tobacco, while in the mouth.

"At the first view of this case, I felt very little disposition to meddle with it. On further examination, I found it would be possible to remove every part of the primary disease. Considering its short duration, the want of hardness in the gland affected secondarily, and the impossibility of his escape without an operation, it was concluded, at his earnest request, to make an effort in his favor. The ligature suggested itself first: that is, to pass a crooked needle, with a double thread, through the middle of the tongue, and tie on each side, so as to include the whole tumor. To effect this perfectly would be a matter of difficulty, as the ligature could not be pushed down towards the root of the tongue, so as, with certainty, to embrace the whole tumor, in that direction. The knife, on the other hand, involved the danger of hæmorrhage, from the lingual artery. On the whole, I concluded that course to be best which promised to be most effectual, whatever might be its dangers.

"The operation was done, as follows: The patient, having his head resting against a support connected with his chair, I desired him to put his tongue out. As soon as he did this, I attempted to seize it with a double-pointed forceps. The instant he felt the forceps, he drew the tongue back. I then thrust the forceps into his mouth, caught the tumor, and a portion of the sound tongue on each side of it, in their gripe, drew the tongue out of the mouth, and, in two or three seconds, removed the tumor, including a portion of sound substance, all around and under it. The lingual artery bled copiously. This artery was soon seized, and a ligature applied Then, for greater security, I passed a red-hot iron over the surface of the wound. In the afternoon, the patient had some hæmorrhage, which was checked by ice. The following day, he was quite comfortable.

"On examination of the tumor, I found that all the diseased portion was surrounded by healthy substance, excepting at its base, where the internal surface of the scirrhous part presented itself, covered by a cyst, which perfectly insulated it from the substance of the tongue, and is here shown to you. Cutting into the scirrhus, it was found to consist of a white substance, intermixed with small, white, globular bodies, like mucous glands. From the white substance, spiculi, of a reddish white color, a quarter of an inch long, shot into the superficial, fungous part of the tumor.

"The origin of the disease, in this case, may be traced pretty satisfactorily. The habitual application of the poisonous tobacco gradually perverted the action of the parts it touched, the result of which was the deposit of white morbid matter. You ask, How can tobacco produce cancer? How can a vegetable narcotic produce a specific disease? Cancer is not a specific disease. It has a variety of forms, of causes, and of habitudes of action. It is one thing in the tongue, another in the skin, another in the breast. There is nothing specific in it, unless you call its incurable disposition specific; but this it has, in common with other diseases. Besides, cancer, though rarely cured, is not universally incurable. We see it disappear, in various parts of the body, without excision; though most rarely. But again you ask, Why do not all tobacco chewers have cancers of the tongue or lip? I answer, Because they are not predisposed. You smile; but there is something in this predisposition. Its cooperation is necessary. Where has the predisposition arisen in this case? The patient's parents and ancestors had no cancers, so far back as he knows.

"I take it for fact, that the predisposition, in this case, was generated by the long use of ardent spirits—that this agent had gradually disordered the system, and laid it open to the inroads of morbid irritation from any quarter. There is nothing specific in the action of tobacco. If he had kept a leaf of stramonium in his mouth for some years, the consequence would have been the same. A mineral, or even a mechanical irritant, would, I doubt not, have brought on the disease, in this man, had either of them been applied for so great a length of time. Yet we know, that tobacco is a common cause of cancer, in the tongue and in the lip. For many years back I have questioned those affected with these disorders, as to their use of tobacco, and you have had opportunities of witnessing that they have generally answered in the affirmative. Every man who chews tobacco, may, I think, consider himself particularly exposed to the danger of having a cancer, in his lip or tongue.

"The patient recovered from the operation. The wound healed, in three weeks. The tumor in the neck continued. His previous sufferings were removed, and he expressed himself highly delighted with the comfort he enjoyed, and in that condition went home. About a month after, he appeared again. The tongue had ulcerated in the cicatrix. He was anxious to have an operation performed again. I declined it. He pressed the matter, on the ground that, if an operation did not cure him, the alleviation he expected would render it desirable. However, I could not feel justified in doing any thing further, and with difficulty prevailed on him to abandon the hope he still cherished, and to go home and set his house in order."